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NATURE AND MAN.

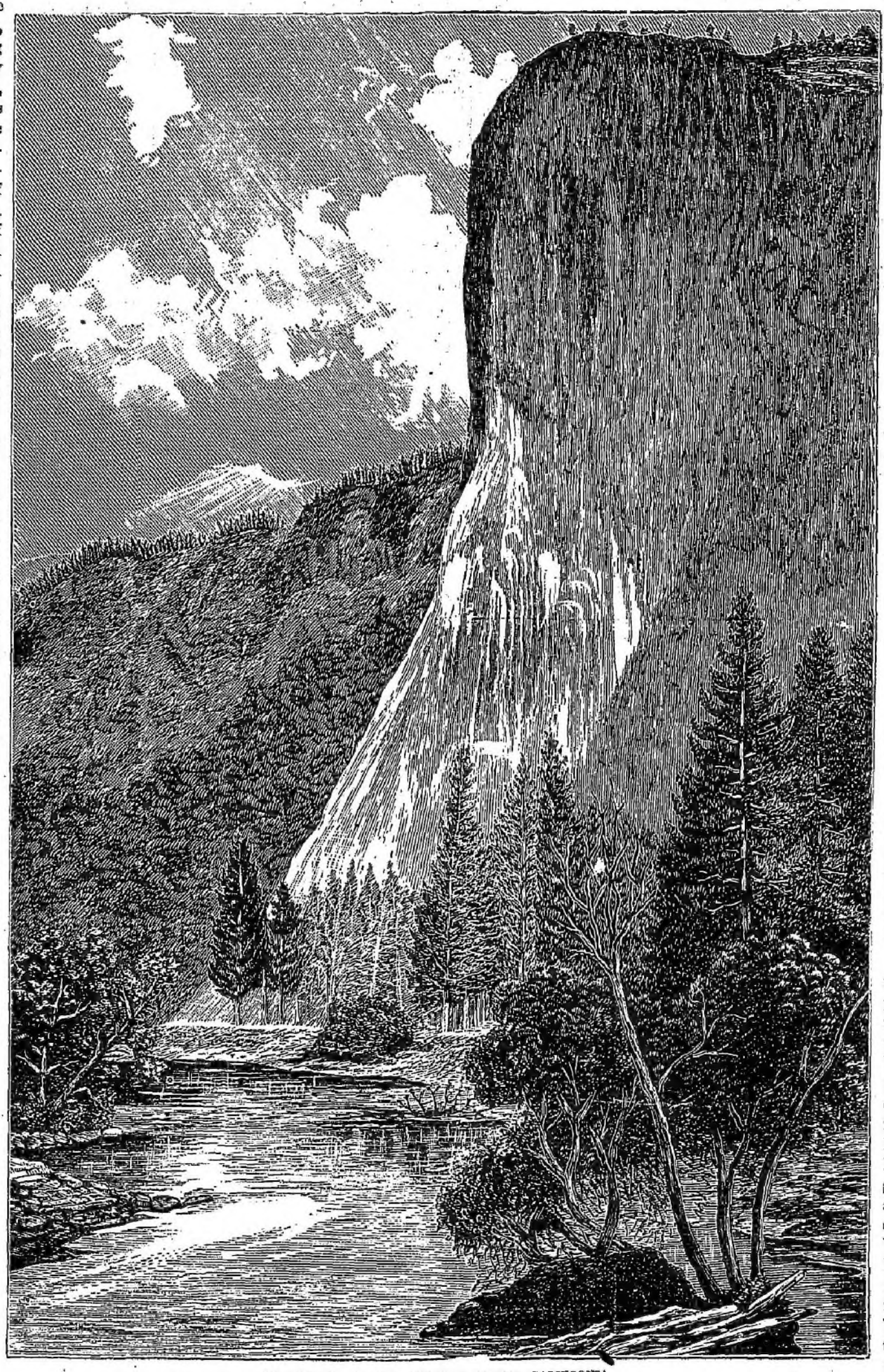
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

A few weeks ago flashed around the world, filling with sorrow the heart of every English speaking man and woman, the news that the great temperance orator, John B. Gough, had gone from among us. But he died as every true soldier wishes to die, *in harness*. He was lecturing on temperance in the Frankford Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, on the evening of the 15th of February, when, in the middle of his discourse the fatal paralytic stroke fell, and though he lingered on in his home just alive until the 18th, he never spoke again. His last words, thundered out on that platform with much of his early energy and fire, were "Young man, keep your record clean!" and well may every boy and young man in our country pray God to help him heed the warning. One thing to be noted with extreme interest concerning this man is that he and the great evangelist Mr. Moody were both the spiritual children of the Rev. Dr. Kirk, of Boston, and that he was often of great assistance to Dr. Kirk in revival meetings, and was a member of that church until the day of his death.

The Rev. Joseph Cook in closing his oration on the veteran's death said, "This man has given our own day and all future time an example not merely of breadth and courage, but of intensity and t e n d e r n e s s. His philanthropies were as countless and abundant as they were unostentatious. The central rule of his work was Christ's own method of going about from house to house doing good. How could he hold audiences ninety nights in succession in Exeter Hall (London)? Simply because he spent his days among the poor and told at night what he had observed in the day. How could he wear so long? Only by keeping himself close to man's heart and to God's heart. Let England follow this man! Let the isles of the sea follow him! My conviction is that in his breadth of principle—and especially in his last positions concerning legal enactments in regard to the liquor traffic—he made himself one of the Pilgrim Fathers of the twentieth century, will be remembered with more honor in the next generation than even he possessed in this, and that therefore the youngest man here may take the hand of John Gough without fear of outgrowing him as a leader."

The story of Mr. Gough's life has already been told in the MESSENGER and we cannot now repeat it, but will conclude with, as a fair sample of his well-known intense earnestness, a passage from his Farewell Address in London.

"Come with me," he said, "to the Yosemite Valley: yonder stands El Capitan—the



EL CAPITAN IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

atmosphere so clear it seems as if you might strike it with a stone. Approach nearer; how it looms up; how it grows and widens; how grand! S[illegible] wonder those shrubs in the crevice. S[illegible] hundred feet in height, three feet and more in diameter. Do you see that bend in the face of the rock? That is a fissure seventy-five feet wide. Nearer yet, still nearer. It seems as if you might touch it now with your finger. Stand still under the shadow of El Capitan. A plumb-line from the summit falls fifty feet from the base. Now look up, up, up, 3,000 feet—two-thirds of a mile—right up. How grand and sublime! Your lips quiver, your nerves thrill, your eyes fill with tears, and you understand in some degree your own littleness. 'The inhabitants of the earth are but as grasshoppers.' How small I am! I could not climb up fifty feet on the face of that rock, and there it towers above me.

Yonder is the great South Dome, rising sheer up 6,000 feet—more than a mile—seamed and scared by the storms of ages, but anchored in the valley beneath. There are the Three Brothers, there the Cathedral rocks and spires, there the Sentinel Dome and the Sentinel Rock. How magnificent! See yonder the wonderful Yosemite Falls leaping through a gorge 1,800 feet before it strikes, coming down like sky-rockets, exploding as they fall; striking, it leaps 400 feet, and again it leaps 600 feet. More than half a mile the water pours over. What a dash, what a magnificent anthem ascending to the great Creator!

Now look around you in every direction, and you feel the littleness of man. Oh! I am but as the dust in the balance, but as the small dust in the balance! But God created man in his own image and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and made him—not gave him—but made him a living soul; therefore I am a man, a living man, but that is a dead rock. I am a living man. The elements shall melt with fervent heat, the world be removed like a cottage, the Milky Way shall shut its two awful arms and hush its dumb prayer for ever, but I shall live, for I am a man with the fire of God in me and a spark of immortality that will never go out. The universe, grand and magnificent and sublime as it is, is but the nursery to man's infant soul, and

AUBERT GALLION QUE.

the child is worth more than the nursery; therefore, I, a living, breathing, thinking, hoping man, with a reason capable of understanding, in some degree, the greatness of the Almighty, a mind capable of eternal development, and a heart capable of loving him, am worth more than all God's material universe, for I am a man with a destiny before me as high as heaven and as vast as eternity. Now, there is not a horse in your stable, there is not an ox in the stall, there is not a snake that draws its slimy length through the long grass, there is not a reptile that you crush with your heel, and shudder as you crush it, but is better and more nobly fulfilling the purpose of God in its creation than a man is when he gets drunk. That is my idea of simple intoxication. Then what must habitual drunkenness be?"

THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"Five cents a glass!' Does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink?
"Five cents a glass," I hear you say,
"Why, that isn't very much to pay."

Ah, no indeed; 'tis a very small sum
You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb;
And if it were all that you gave away
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink! Let him decide
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,
And lies a *grovelling heap of clay*,
Not far removed from a beast to-day.

The price of a drink! Let that one tell
Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,
And feels within him the fires of hell,
Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All the glory and pride of youth,
Hopes for manhood, the wreath of fame,
High endeavor and nobler aim,
These are the treasures thrown away
As the price of a drunkard from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed
As over the bar the young man quaffed
The beaded liquor; for the demon knew
The terrible work that drink would do;
And before morning the victim lay
With his life-blood swiftly ebbing away
And that was the price he paid, alas!
For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink! If you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go
Through that wretched tenement over there,
With dingy window and broken stair,
Where foul disease, like a vampire, crawls
With outstretched wings o'er the mouldy walls,

There poverty dwells with her hungry brood,
Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food;
There shame, in a corner, crouches low;
There violence deals its cruel blow;
And innocent ones are thus accursed
To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all,
The sacrifice would, indeed, be small!
But the money's worth is the least amount
We pay, and whoever will keep account
Will learn the terrible waste and blight
That follows the ruinous appetite.
"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink?

SHAFTESBURY PARK.

"At Wandsworth, near Battersea Bridge, there is a place to which I had the very high honor of giving my name, called Shaftesbury Park. The houses there after a few years become the property of the tenants. There they live each in his own castle. These houses are constructed according to the most recent plans of ventilation and drainage, each having its *little* garden in front and its back premises—everything that can conduce to health and happiness. The last time I went there I saw some new comers. They had been there not more than three weeks, and I said to one of the women, 'Are you the better for being here?' 'Yes, better indeed!' was the reply; and looking at the children, she said they had even in so short a space of time become as chubby and rosy as they well could be. And is it supposed nothing would be gained if every working man could have that for himself? Why, instead of retiring to the pot-house, he could go to his own home; and have his wife, his children, and his little garden, and everything to compose his spirit and elevate his heart. Now, all this might be attained by everybody; and the success in this case is one of the richest proofs of what might be effected by the working classes if they could be moderately economical, and abstain from alcoholic drinks. One rule, I should say, of Shaftesbury Park is, that the people will not allow on its large surface a single public house—they will not allow a whiskey shop or a grocer's counter where a sly glass of whiskey can be obtained. They exclude drink altogether, saying, 'If a man wants drink, he may go outside the district, where nobody will take notice of it; but within these precincts there is to be nothing of the kind.'"—*Lord Shaftesbury.*

WHY DID YOU NOT TELL ME SO?

I am aware that many doctors administer stimulants under protest of their judgment, because patients demand medicine which will give conscious, immediate effect. And again because patients are so prejudiced in favor of alcoholics that their will or imagination interferes with their treatment if they are denied. As the cleverest doctor in Springfield told me last spring that a lady patient would persist in spasms without a teaspoonful of brandy every five minutes, only the brandy was nothing but pure cold water after the first teaspoonful, but it as promptly checked the spasms, since the patient was too nervous to note the difference. It was the lady's first trial of this physician and she recovered much more finely than usual, and expressed herself greatly pleased with her new doctor, "only," she says, "you see I know about the necessity of brandy in my case."

Two illustrations more of the different position of physicians whose opinion is all right, only courage lacking:

A young lady was sent to Boston for the winter from her physician to one of ours, selected by him probably for the very reason of his absolute certainty to refuse the ale upon which she had been depending. She, however, summarily dismissed him, chose another who without scruple allowed her to continue the ale, and with his assistance soon died.

Others than W.C.T.U. women note these cases, and faithfulness brings other present reward as well as a good conscience.

The other was told by a well-known business man of Franklin street, Boston, accustomed to the daily use of wine at table. After suffering for years, from a complication of physical miseries, in no wise relieved by many courses of medical treatment, he at length, as an experiment in which he had little faith, called a homeopathist. After many questions this doctor said, "Now you'll give our school the fair trial, won't you? You've heard that use of tea, coffee, flavors, perfumes, wines, etc., are considered to hinder." The patient promised to observe all hints faithfully, and at the end of a few weeks pronounced himself incredibly improved.

"Dr., shall I not keep on so? It pays to feel so well. I've never drank tea, nor been much of a coffee drinker. Do you think my wine did any hurt?"

"Why, to tell the truth," responded the doctor, "that was the great trouble."

"Why didn't you tell me so at first. Did you think I was a fool?" our friend exclaimed almost indignantly.

I have wished that several of our noted oculists could hear the execrations with which a busy railway official of this city speaks of them for wasting his time and money for four years without giving him any relief, because never condemning his smoking. The doctor who stopped it, cured him in four months. After two years abstinence he dared to begin smoking again, and now in a few months finds that he is preparing his eyes for the doctor again.

Doctors will be needed so long as people will not do as well as they know.—*Mrs. K. B. Cone, of Boston.*

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE — THOSE REPORTERS AGAIN!

"After I had been a short time a total abstainer," said the Hon. and Rev. Lord Wriothesley Russell, "the friends at Windsor were anxious that I should address a meeting and give my personal experience. The meeting was duly held, and a reporter from the local paper was present, as I hoped to render to his readers a faithful account of what I said. In the course of my observations I remarked that for thirty years I had been trying to persuade drunkards to drink in moderation, but never having succeeded in one case, I thought it high time to join the temperance society. Imagine my horror the next week, if you can, when I found myself reported as follows:—'The noble lord said that for thirty years he had been trying to drink in moderation, but never having succeeded in one case, he thought it high time to join the temperance society?'"

BOYS.

Sunday-school teachers have a grand opportunity. Those restless boys are just ready to go to Christ; and, if you do not lead them to him, they will of themselves go to Satan. Very likely they have no one at home to guide them aright. All the week long they hear worldly conversation, and are subject to unhallowed influences. But on Sunday, with the Bible open before you, and the Divine Spirit ready to confirm your teaching, you have these immortal beings committed to your care. You have but half an hour you say. Then use it—use every moment of it. Prepare for that half-hour work. Pray with reference to it. And be sure your words are plain, practical and pointed. Why not once in a while say a word to John on the street about his soul; or, better yet, go and see him at his home, or write him a letter?—*S. S. Journal.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VII.—MAY 16.

THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.—John 4: 43-54.

COMMIT VERSES 43-51.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way; thy son liveth.—John 4: 50.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus is always ready to help those who go to him.

DAILY READINGS.

M.	John 4: 43-54.
T.	Matt. 8: 1-17.
W.	Ps. 103: 1-17.
Th.	Ps. 107: 1-21.
F.	Heb. 11: 1-13, 32-39.
Sa.	Jas. 5: 10-20.
Su.	Ps. 91: 1-16.

TIME.—January, A.D. 28. Soon after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Cana and Capernaum in Galilee.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Jesus remained two days at Sychar in Samaria after his conversation with the woman at Jacob's well. Then he went on to Galilee, as he proposed when he left Judæa, and continuing his journey northward, he arrived at Cana in Galilee, where Nathanael, one of his disciples, had a home.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

43. THENCE: from Sychar. 44. A PROPHET HATH NO HONOR, etc.: Jesus gives this as a reason for coming into Galilee. (1) Either his own country means *Judæa, his religious home*: or (2) it means Nazareth, and gives the reason why he went to other parts of Galilee; or (3) it means Galilee, and means that Jesus had no honor there till he had acquired it in Judæa. Then the Galilæans received him. 45. AT THE FEAST: chap. 2: 13-25. 46. WATER WINE: chap. 2: 1-11. NOBLEMAN: one who belonged to the king's court. 47. COME DOWN: Capernaum was 1,350 feet lower than Cana. 48. EXCEPT YE SEE SIGNS: they did not care enough for the *truth itself*, but wanted outward wonders. Wonders were good to aid faith, but the mind longing for spiritual life and for God, was better. 52. YESTERDAY, AT THE SEVENTH HOUR: 7 o'clock in the evening, Roman time, as is usual in John. (The Jewish notation would be 1 o'clock, 7 hours from sunrise.) The nobleman and his servants started the next morning, and met between Cana and Capernaum. 53. THE FATHER KNEW: the sameness of the hour showed that the healing was through the power of Jesus. HIMSELF BELIEVED: not only believed his word as before, but accepted him as the true Messiah, as his Saviour and teacher.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was the scene of our last lesson? On what subject did Jesus give a lesson to his disciples? How long did Jesus remain at Sychar? What was the result of his labors there?

SUBJECT: FAITH AND ITS REWARDS.

I. FAITH'S FOUNDATION (vs. 43-45, 48).—Where did Jesus go from Sychar? To what town? What reason does he give in v. 44 for going there? Where was his own country? How was he treated in Galilee? What reason did they have for their faith? Are signs and wonders a good reason for believing?

Is there any better foundation for faith? Why is a prophet without honor in his own country?

II. FAITH LEADING TO JESUS (vs. 46-49).—What man in a distant city heard of Jesus? What need had he of help? Did he have any faith? What did it lead him to do? How long was the journey? At what time of the day did he arrive? (v. 52.) How did he show the earnestness of his faith?

III. FAITH REWARDED (vs. 50-54).—What did Jesus do for him? How could he heal a person so far away? Did he believe Jesus? How did he show his faith? Who met him on the way home? With what message? How did he learn for certain that it was Jesus who had healed his son? How did this increase his faith? What is the difference between the faith when it is said himself believed and the faith referred to in vs. 48 and 50? Did he now become a real Christian? What do you learn from this as to what it is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?

What qualities do you find in this nobleman's faith? Was more faith one of the rewards for believing at first? what other rewards had he? What teaching as to Christ's power to help do you find that will be a comfort to you? Can Jesus heal our sicknesses.

LESSONS FROM THE CAPERNAUM NOBLEMAN.

I. That we should take our cares and sicknesses and troubles to Jesus.

II. That as he did so much for his sick son, so our heavenly Father is ready with his loving help to us in our needs.

III. All that God has done for others strengthens our faith that he will help us.

IV. He that has any true faith will act upon that faith.

V. He that acts up to his faith will gain more faith.

VI. God will give us our desire if it is best for our spiritual good.

VII. God's answer to our prayers for temporal blessings increases our faith in him as our Saviour and teacher.

LESSON VIII.—MAY 23.

JESUS AT BETHESDA.—John 5: 5-13.

COMMIT VERSES 5: 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wilt thou be made whole?—John 5: 6.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ is the good physician.

DAILY READINGS.

M.	John 5: 1-18.
T.	John 5: 19-47.
W.	Luke 5: 16-26.
Th.	Luke 7: 17-35.
F.	Matt. 10: 16-25.
Sa.	Mark 2: 15-28.
Su.	Mark 3: 1-11.

TIME.—*Early in April, A.D. 28. Probably at the Passover.*

PLACE.—Jerusalem, the pool of Bethesda, just outside of the walls, near St. Stephen's gate, just north of the temple area. Others think it to be the fountain of the Virgin, south of the temple.

JESUS.—31 or 32 years of age, beginning the second year of his ministry.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—The three months between the healing of the nobleman's son and the present lesson were probably spent in quiet labors in Galilee without record.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—When a feast of the Jews drew near (probably the Passover) Jesus left Galilee, and went up to Jerusalem to attend the feast. One Sabbath morning he was walking near the city when he came to a crowd of sick people under a portico, around an intermittent spring, called Bethesda. There are several such around Jerusalem. The people thought (for this part of v. 3, and all of v. 4 do not really belong to the Bible) that when the water bubbled up it was done by an angel, and whoever got into it first would be healed.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

5. INFIRMITY: probably some kind of paralysis, for he could not walk. 7. NO MAN TO PUT ME IN: the bubbling lasted only a short time. 8. THY BED: a quilt or thin mattress, perhaps on a stretcher. 10. IT IS NOT LAWFUL: according to their traditions, for it was called work. 13. WIST: KNEW. 14. SIN NO MORE: implying that his disease had been brought on by wrong doing, and that he was repentant. 17. MY FATHER: my own father, in a peculiar sense. WORKETH: does deeds of mercy, carries on the world and processes of nature on the Sabbath. AND I WORK: in the same loving, helpful way that God does.

LEARN BY HEART Ps. 103: 1-5, v. 11.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did we leave Jesus in our last lesson? How long did he remain in Galilee after this? Where did he then go? On what occasion?

SUBJECT: A PARABLE OF REDEMPTION.

I. WAITING FOR A CURE (v. 5).—What pool did Jesus visit one *Sabbath Day*? Where was it? Whom did he find there? Was he going about seeking to do good? What were these sick people waiting for? Could this water really cure them? What things that people sometimes do to be saved are represented by this pool?

(As more attention to religious forms, leaving off certain sins, good resolves.)

What case of special interest was among those who came to Bethesda for help? Why did Jesus select this man and let the others go uncured? Did Jesus see signs of repentance in him? Why is the time the disease lasted mentioned? Does it teach us that Jesus can help even those who have been long in sin?

II. THE GOOD PHYSICIAN (v. 6, 7).—Why did Jesus pity this man? What did he ask him? Can you conceive of his not wanting to get well? Are there those who do not wish to be saved from their sins? Why? Can they be saved till they are willing? What did the impotent man reply to Jesus' question? What mark of selfishness do you find among these sick persons?

III. THE DOUBLE CURE (vs. 8-14).—What did Jesus next say to the sick man? Did this require an act of faith on his part? Why was he told to take up his bed? What kind of a bed was it? What was the result? Who found fault with him for carrying his bed? Why? How did the man learn who had healed him? What was Jesus' last counsel to him? Did he become a Christian? Can we be Christians and retain our sins?

IV. TROUBLE FROM DOING GOOD (vs. 15-18).—Of what did the Jews accuse Jesus? Did Jesus break the Sabbath? Did Jesus annul the fourth commandment, or only remove the Pharisaic additions to it? What do you learn from Jesus as to the true way of keeping the Sabbath? (Mark 1: 21; 2: 23-28; 3: 4.) How did Jesus defend his cause? (v. 17.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Multitudes of people are waiting for some singular emotion, some special revival, some miraculous impressions,—waiting by the pool of ordinances, vows, forms, and do not find healing for their souls.

II. In worldly things but few have the prizes, and there is a contest and emulation as to who shall be first.

III. The fountain of healing Jesus opens is abundant for all.

IV. Some do not wish to be saved from their sins.

V. Christ in saving men requires an act of faith.

VI. Faith that leads us to obey Jesus is the faith by which we are saved.

VII. People sometimes become so absorbed in externals that they forget the souls for which externals are made.

VII. The best of deeds will sometimes be misinterpreted.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A GREAT SAVING.

BY A. M. WILLIAMS.

"It is a great saving of time, money and patience to get wood enough cut for the summer and have it all nicely piled up in the wood house and door yard." Two of my neighbors are very similarly situated, each has a wood-lot and both burn wood through the summer. One prepares enough in winter to last the entire season, and one is obliged even in harvest time to stop and cut wood. Now if we observe the farming operations of these two men we shall find the same difference in their work throughout. We shall notice a foresight of coming necessities and a preparation for them on the one hand, and trusting to luck on the other. We shall find one has laid plans and provided for all the details, the other has simply decided what he will undertake to do without any definite idea of the best means of doing it, and without counting the cost. One will be in easy circumstances, the other hampered with debts he cannot pay, and which he could have avoided with a little more judgment and foresight. As to the question of wood there is one point the thrifty farmer should learn as quickly as possible, and that is, it is folly to permit his family to do their cooking and other work over a hot stove in summer, when they can do it so much cheaper and easier over an oil stove. It does not cost as much for the oil as the cutting of the wood is worth, on the supposition that the wood is already at the door, and four feet long. With a good oil stove a woman can get her breakfast while she is making the wood fire, and blow out the fire as soon as the cooking is done. This saves heating the house and the labor is much less.

This is a great invention and will be a great benefit to housekeepers generally. I do not believe the perfect oil stove is made yet, but there are several kinds that do very well, but I do not know which is best. I know I would not be without one for ten times the cost. On a farm there are many cases where a mere trifle of expense adds greatly to the comfort of a family. One of these is the supply of fresh vegetables and fruits through the season, and one reason for a deficiency of these is, the farmer does not think about it at the proper season. In most cases the farmer has green peas once through the season; he should have them many times. Asparagus and rhubarb should be on every farm. Raspberries, strawberries and currants are easily raised, and worth much more than they cost. It is the foolish man that says, "I can't fuss with such things," and makes his family do without them. A good supply of vegetables and small fruits will make a large part of the living of a family.—*Christian at Work.*

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

BY ALICE W. NICHOLS.

She was a winsome little lady, this Marian Field, but she had fallen into some careless, unamiable habits since the days when I had known her as sweet Marian Deane, habits that were casting little shadows across the warmth and brightness of her domestic happiness—a shadow so small that it was scarcely perceived, but it was there, with its darkening effect upon this new home, even while unrecognized.

"It is so much easier for me to twist up my hair in a snug little coil—so," she affirmed, thrusting a hairpin through the graceless bunch. And it was not "worth her while" to replace the soiled ruffle in her wrapper with a clean one, she declared as she impatiently cast the dirty one aside.

Grieving over the change which the year had wrought in her—yet what was there for a guest to do in the matter? How could the entertained touch a subject, as if anything were at fault in the home that had opened its doors to her? But the opportunity was not long lacking, trifling though the occasion that furnishes it.

One night Mr. Field came home from town, bringing a fine young cousin with him, a fastidious man of courtly bearing, and very pleasing manners. That cousin Will was a favorite was easily enough to be seen, while his gracious ways left no room to marvel at the fact.

In her afternoon manners Marian was quite at ease, and seemed like her former pretty self, and the evening passed pleasantly. I fancied her husband noticed that she did not seem as tired as usual, for he said something about how much a visitor cheered his wife. The next morning Marian left her room a little earlier than was her wont, and repaired to the dining-room to make sure that everything was in faultless order, something that she never did to please her husband; and I was surprised to notice the change in her personal appearance, from her gracefully arranged hair to her carefully adjusted morning dress and her dainty little slipper.

Noticing my astonishment, she made haste to tell me that she "always fixed up for cousin Will." Yet this cousin Will was only a transient visitor, and for the one who was really dearer to her than all the world beside, she thought it too much trouble to "fix up," or make herself or her home attractive. Of course she did not look at it in this light, for when we were talking the matter over an hour later, after Mr. Field and his cousin had returned to the city, she was very much astonished at the way in which her growing carelessness was held up, and readily promised to take heed to her ways, like the sensible woman that she is.—*Household.*

LET GO IN TIME.

The wife and mother carries on her heart the burden of her home, her husband, her children. She wakes every morning weary, and exhorts herself to take hold; she spurs a laggard brain to reluctant work far into the night, and compels herself to hold on. In vain her husband urges her to "slack a little." His kindly urging only adds to her burden. She says to herself, if not to him, "Men cannot understand women's work; he can stop, but I cannot. My home must be cared for, my children nurtured and watched over." At last she breaks down entirely. The overwrought nerves give way, and she becomes a chronic invalid, or she goes to an early grave; and the husband and children are left to live on without the care which she mistakenly thought indispensable. If she had only had the grace to let go, it would have been far better for those she loved, and whom, by the unwisdom of her love, she burdened. The Scripture is wiser in this respect than American instinct and conscience, for it contains many exhortations to us to "wait." For an active man or woman to let go of life, stop activity, leave others to bear the burdens and do the toil, and stand on one side, a mere onlooker—this is, perhaps, the hardest experience that ever comes to the lot of God's children; but it is often a very valuable one. Moses let go when he was a herdsman in the wilderness, and David when he was an outlaw in the limestone caves of Southern Judea, and Paul when he was in retirement in Arabia, and Luther when he was in Wartburg. We commend to all overburdened souls the grace of "let go."—*Christian Union.*

PULLED IN TWO.

For every woman seriously injured by tight clothing, ten are dragged into invalidism by heavy skirts. It would destroy the constitution of the proverbial "army mule," to sustain a continuous pull, from the centre of the body, equal to the weight of a woman's skirts. Women are the only creatures strong enough to draw loads from the hip instead of the shoulder. They don't sit down after a walk, they "sink into a chair," and if the chair is in my office, a dialogue ensues.

I ask: "What supports your skirts?"

Ans.—"They rest on my corset."

I ask again, "What supports your corset?"

Ans.—"Oh—why—I don't know."

She is too exhausted to follow such a train of reasoning! Dear sisters, forgive me, the lightning will play upon my pen when I write these things. You are just as wise as I am and much more amiable, but, as sweet Miss Willard would say, you haven't experienced the arrest of thought upon this subject. If you had you would see that corset and skirts are all weighing upon your hips, and you would understand why you feel as if you were "being pulled in two."

I hear that sad complaint daily, and reply, "Probably that's what's the matter; you are being pulled in two." The high heel which shows so daintily in every fashion plate, that cripples a great army of women and does not exhaust itself upon the foot by any means. It throws the body "out of plumb," determining its centre of gravity at an unnatural point. Is it strange that the keystone of the arch often becomes dislocated?—*Bessie V. Cushman, M. D., in Union Signal.*

NEWLY MARRIED PEOPLE'S HOMES.

Dr. John Hall says: "It is good for the newly married, as a rule, to begin by themselves, together, without the officious direction of others, however well meaning, and it is good, if possible, to be in a home, not a boarding-house nor a hotel. It may be 'love in a cottage,' and the cottage may be humble; but it is commonly better adapted to the growth of a true, pure, simple life than 'rooms' in one of those non-military barracks which the needs of our great cities are supposed to demand. A 'mess-table' is doubtless proper for the officers of a regiment, or a group of monks. The passengers of an ocean steamer can properly dine together; but for young married people, it is best that they should live together, their doors closing out the world; that they should be all in all, under God, to each other; that the young wife should not be pursued by calculations as to how she looks to spectators; that he and she should wisely adapt their habits of life to means and prospects, remembering that it is easy to go up, but difficult to descend.

SPEND WISELY.

Look most to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage; and drop by drop the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the tap leaks but a drop each second. In all things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs farther than the blankets will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries; to be warm is the main thing; never mind the look. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, nothing is left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard when you are young, and you have a chance to rest when old.

THE POTATO.

A baked potato is always nutritious. Boiled potatoes are scarcely worth their salt if they are left to soak in the kettle. Mashed potatoes are good if served with milk, pepper and salt. Fried potatoes, sliced and fried in fat or butter, are palatable, but much harder to digest than baked ones.

The most easy and effectual way to secure the genuine flavor of the potato is to cook it according to this rule: Pare the potato and slice it up, but not too thin. Place the slices in a large pie-dish, as if you were to make an apple-pie. Pour into the dish a very little water, drop a few slices of butter upon the potatoes, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, cover the whole with another plate, and set the dish in a hot oven. Twenty minutes' time is sufficient for the baking. The writer has tried this rule and always with success. The potatoes have a distinctive flavor to be gained by no other method of cooking.—*Companion.*

EARLY SAVINGS.

The first money earned as wages is very valuable, and I remember well feeling quite an inch taller in my boots the first week I took home to my dear mother the wages which I had earned. Wages mean a little more pocket-money, and a little more pocket-money ought to mean more books, something for the post-office savings bank towards clothes and the annual holiday when it becomes due. Make a practice of always saving something out of your pocket-money, however little, and take care that this sum is placed in safe keeping, and this does not usually happen to be the trousers pocket, for this, as a rule, makes a dreadfully poor savings bank.—*Thomas Greenwood.*

BATTER PUDDING.—One egg, one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one cupful of raisins. Steam one hour. To be eaten with sauce.

RECIPES.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING.—One pint of sifted flour, one pint of milk, four eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt; to be baked in the dripping-pan with roast beef one-half hour before the beef is done, and serve on the dish with the meat.

COCOA-NUT PIE.—Two eggs, three tablespoonfuls sugar, one cup of grated fresh cocoa-nut, one pint of milk one tablespoonful of cornstarch, small piece of butter. Bake with one crust. One half-cup of desiccated cocoa-nut, soaked in the milk three or four hours, may be used if you cannot get the fresh.

HAMBURG CREAM.—Take the rind and juice of two large lemons, eight eggs, yolks only, and one cup of sugar. Put all in a vessel and set in a pan of boiling water. Stir for three minutes and then take from the fire; add the well-beaten whites of the eggs, and serve when cold in custard-glasses.

AFTER DINNER COFFEE.—As a general thing, after dinner coffee is made much the same way as the breakfast coffee by most cooks, but this is an error. Heat the coffee beans before grinding and grind them very fine. Put one quarter of a pound of it into the strainer, and pour a quart of freshly boiled water upon it; pour it through a second time; let it come to near boiling point and it is ready.—*The Cook.*

LEMON PUFFS.—One cup of prepared flour, one-half cup of powdered sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, three eggs—whites and yolks beaten separately—grated peel of one lemon, three tablespoonfuls of milk, a little salt. Cream butter and sugar, whip in the yolks, milk and lemon peel; then, the whisked whites and flour, alternately. Bake in small, buttered tins, or in "gem" pans. Turn out while hot and eat with sweet sauce.

TO WARM OVER COLD MUTTON.—The simplest of all ways of warming a joint that is not far cut, is to wrap it in thickly buttered paper, and put it in the oven again, contriving, if possible, to cover it closely, let it remain long enough to get hot through, not to cook. By keeping it closely covered it will get hot through in less time, and the steam will prevent it getting hard and dry; make some gravy hot and serve with the meat. If your gravy is good and plentiful, your meat will be as nice as the first day, without gravy it would be an unsatisfactory dish. If you cannot manage to cover the joint in the oven, you may put it in a pot over the fire without water, but with a desert spoonful of vinegar to create steam; let it get hot through and serve as before. An excellent and simple way is to cut it, if loin, into chops, or leg, into thick collops, and dip each into egg well beaten with a tablespoonful of milk, then in fine bread-crumbs and fry in plenty of very hot fat. If your crumbs are not very fine and even, the larger crumbs will fall off, and the appearance be spoilt. These chops will be almost as nice, if quickly fried, as freshly cooked ones. They will also be excellent if, instead of being breaded, they are dipped into thick batter and fried brown in the same way. This method answers for any kind of meat; chicken thus warmed over being especially good. The batter, or egg and bread-crumbs form a sort of crust which keeps it tender and juicy. Any attempt to fry cold meat without either results in a hard, stringy, uneatable dish.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

In sorry plight the cook would be
Without my *first*; indeed, to make
The dainties choice would be a task;
And poor, I fear, would be the cake.

Along the shore my *second's* found;
Second and *whole* may be the same.
Without my *first*, *whole* could not be,
And might be *second* but in name.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 1 to 4 is an insect.
My 1 to 3 is a word.
My 4, 5 is any man.
My 4, 5, 6, is a pronoun.
My whole is found in vinegar.

RIDDLE.

Ninety is nine times ten, we say.
Nobody doubts it. Take ten away
And ten times ten we shall see remain,
And that is one hundred. Pray explain.

WORDS WITHIN WORDS.

1. The atmosphere in a milk-room.
2. Hard wood in fancies.
3. A Swiss river in a noxious weed.
4. A bird in a sensation of pain.
5. Not low, in floating vapors.
6. A bird in fun.
7. Part of a dress in bits of music.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE.—Wordsworth (words-worth.)

RHYMED REBEADINGS.—1. Texas, Saxe. 2. Saladin, a lad in.

ENIGMA.—Look before you leap. (Leaf, year, eye, look, up, of, lo.)

TWO WORDS WITHIN A WORD.—1. P-a trio-t. 2. C-ns to-m. 3. S-tart in-g. 4. L-a bore-r. 5 W-here for-e. 6. B-I got-s. 7. B-and an-a.

DEFINITIONS.—Seer, sear, ere.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Jo. Nugent, H. B Greene, and Jennie Waugh.

The Family Circle.

MY LEGACY.

They told me I was heir. I turned in haste,
  And ran to seek my treasure,
And wondered, as I ran, how it was placed—
  If I should find a measure
Of gold, or if the titles of fair lands
And houses would be laid within my hands.

I journeyed many roads; I knocked at gates;
  I spoke to each wayfarer
I met, and said, "A heritage awaits
  Me. Art not thou the bearer
Of news? Some message sent to me whereby
I learn which way my new possessions lie?"

Some asked me in—naught lay beyond their door;
  Some smiled and would not tarry,
But said that men were just behind who bore
  More gold than I could carry;
And so the morn, the noon, the day were spent,
While empty-handed up and down I went.

At last one cried, whose face I could not see,
  As through the mist he hasted;
"Poor child! what evil ones have hindered thee,
  Till this whole day is wasted?
Hath no man told thee that thou art joint heir
With one named Christ, who waits the goods to share?"

The one named Christ I sought for many days,
  In many places, vainly;
I heard men name his name in many ways,
  I saw his temples plainly.
But they who named him most gave me no sign
To find him by, or prove the heirship mine.

And when at last I stood before his face,
  I knew him by no token
Save subtle air of joy that filled the place;
  Our greeting was not spoken;
In solemn silence I received my share,
Kneeling before my brother and "joint heir."

My share! No deed of house or spreading lands,
  As I had dreamed; no measure
Heaped up with gold; my Elder Brother's hands
  Had never held such treasure.
Foxes have holes, and birds in nests are fed—
My Brother had nowhere to lay his head.

My share! The right, like him, to know all pain
  Which hearts are made for knowing;
The right to find in loss the surest gain;
  To reap my joy from sowing
In bitter tears; the right with him to keep
A watch by day and night with those who weep.

My share! To-day men call it grief and death;
  I see the joy and life to-morrow;
I thank our Father with my every breath
  For this sweet legacy of sorrow;
And through my tears I call to each, "Joint heir
With Christ, make haste to ask him for thy share!"

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

CUMBERED WITH SERVING.

BY MARY HOWE STEWART.

"Please, ma'am, and will a cup of sour milk do instead?" "Instead of what?" exclaimed Auntie Briar, glancing up quickly from the bowl of eggs she was beating, and encountering a maiden with a pair of merry brown eyes holding out for her acceptance a heaping cup of sour milk.

"Why, you know," answered Mina Neal, for such was the maiden's name, "that the Bible says to 'give a cup of cold water,' but as you do not happen to stand in need of water, and you do of the milk, I suppose it's all the same."

"How in the world did you know that I wanted just one more cup of sour milk?" asked Auntie Briar in a surprised tone.

"Why I heard you telling your niece so the last time I was in, of course," answered Mina.

"Yes, I do remember now about your speaking of needing some more milk, auntie, but I forgot all about it in a moment afterward. How did you happen to think of it, Miss Mina?" asked Marie Saunders, glancing up, pen in hand, from the letter she was writing to her far-away western home.

"You would remember that or anything else, however trivial it may seem to you now, if you were baking for a church fair to feed half the country. The capacity of our farmer boys for fancy cake is something wonderful to contemplate."

"How much are you baking for this tea, anyhow, Miss Mina? I am really getting interested," said Marie, laying aside her pen and giving her whole attention.

"Let me see," answered Mina, "there are five fruit cakes, three marble and two sponge, besides a number of cream pies. But that is not much, others are doing more."

"Not much! did you say? Why, you are certainly not giving all that out of your own pocket, Miss Mina," Marie exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, Miss Saunders, of course we are. But it is all right, we are all good Methodists in this community, mother and all," laughed Mina, giving a roguish wink at Mrs. Kenley as she spoke. Then like a flash she was off.

"Good Methodists! well, I should think they would need to be, and pretty good Christians, too, to be willing to do all that amount of baking for one fair. Then to think of standing and washing dishes and waiting on tables for two whole days," almost gasped Marie, who in her seventeen years of city life had never been to a real country fair, nor seen a church tea gotten up on such an extensive plan.

"I am sorry to say, my dear," said Auntie Briar, "that the Neals are not Christians. They are nominally Methodists, that is, members of the congregation, but not of the church. We will go over there a little while this evening, if you like, then you may meet the rest of the family."

"That pretty Mina Neal not a Christian! To be sure she does not act so very saint-like, but somehow I thought she must be a Christian to be so actively engaged in church work."

"There are a great many people 'actively engaged in church work.'"

"There are a great many people 'actively engaged in church work' who are, I fear, a long ways from experiencing any work of grace in their hearts," and dear old Auntie Briar heaved a sigh as though the burden of it all lay upon her motherly soul.

After tea, when the thousand and one things needful for the household's comfort were attended to, auntie and Marie went for their call. Mina's father and mother were out, but the grandmother, a dear old lady with snowy white hair and gentle voice, was at home. She reminded Marie of one of Margaret Sangster's pretty pen pictures of an old lady who had "grown old gracefully."

They were having a cosy time, Marie relating her bits of sermon, anecdote and story; telling also of meeting with Moody and Sankey, Beecher and Cuyler in her city home, and of their various methods of work, when the door opened and the younger Mrs. Neal walked in. Her presence as effectually stopped all such conversation as though they had been speaking in an unknown tongue.

You have all seen just such women as Mrs. Neal; quick, sharp, active, and of the rather jerky kind both in speech and manner. She did not even stop to take off her things, but talked away about the coming fair, and, of course, principally of that part which most concerned the church tea.

Marie ventured to suggest that she must be rather tired, as she observed when she came in she limped slightly, as though in pain.

"Tired! Well I should say I was. Why I have nearly sprained my ankle, and I don't know but my whole leg, standing up and running around so much. I am never off my feet from six in the morning till ten at night; and then it is time to go to bed. Of course in the evening I must go and have a chat with my neighbors, as it is all the time I have. Grandma says for me to stay in the way she used, but I say I won't. As long as I can be on my feet I shall be on the go," and thus she rattled on with scarcely a moment's cessation until Auntie Briar and Marie took their departure.

When the early country bed-time came at nine o'clock, and all the family except Mrs. Kenley, who was busy setting the table for breakfast, had retired for the night, Marie drew up a low stool before the old-fashioned kitchen stove and sat down for a last little "think," as she was wont to call these firelight reveries. The rosy mouth had not the faintest suspicion of a smile playing around it now, and the blue eyes gazed into the dying embers with such a thoughtful look that Mrs. Kenley could not help exclaiming, as she dropped into a low rocker and drew the shapely head crowned with its wealth of golden hair upon her lap:

"A penny for your thoughts, my little Marie. They must be very grave ones if your face is any index of their character."

"It is all clear to me now, auntie," answered Marie, nestling closer in the dear motherly arms, "all about Mary and Martha and being 'cumbered with much serving,' and the resting at Jesus' feet, which, after all, was truest service."

"And what, my darling, has led to all this train of thought?" tenderly asked Mrs. Kenley.

"Your own dear self, and the Neals, and the church tea, and, oh, ever so many things!" impulsively answered Marie. "You see, auntie," continued she, "I never could understand it, it has always troubled me since when a little child I first heard the story in Sabbath school, why it was that Jesus should rebuke Martha when she was working so hard for Him, and those things had to be done to make Him comfortable, and commend Mary who was merely sitting at his feet and learning of Him, wrapt in spiritual exaltation. I was afraid to ask the minister or any one about it for fear they would not understand me. But I see it all now," Marie went on, almost forgetting for the moment that she was speaking aloud, "how that Jesus was not speaking merely to Mary and Martha of Bethany, but through them to all the busy, cumbered Marthas, and to all the restful Marys who should read the story in all ages of the world. Jesus knew that the quiet resting at his feet and learning of Him must come first before there could be any acceptable services rendered. I wonder what the angels think as they look down and see those numerous cakes and pies, and then the two days of hard work out in that cold shed-like place, where you say the tea is to be held, washing dishes and waiting on tables, and, as Mrs. Neal herself says, and I fear she is only a representative of thousands like her, busy every other day in the week from early morning till late at night, and still finding no time to get near to Him whose heart for thirty-three long years beat with such human tender love for us all, and who by His Spirit has been calling all the restless, unsatisfied ones of earth to come to Him and rest. Oh, if Mrs. Neal could only see it, all the blessings she is losing by not taking time to sit for a few moments every day as Mary of old did at Jesus' feet, and learn of Him the true beauty and joy of living."

The blue eyes fairly shone now with a soft and tender light from the great peace within.

"If Mrs. Neal and our church tea have helped you to see this great truth thus early in your Christian life, my child, your coming to our quiet country town will not have been in vain, and they will both have accomplished far more than they dream of aside from a money point of view," answered Auntie Briar. "But," continued she, "many years ago this thought, too, troubled me, though unlike you, I took it to my dear old pastor. He told me to take my Bible and study the lives of Moses, David, Paul, and even John, the loved disciple, and see how God had dealt with each one. Their lives were all so different, but alike in one thing—the necessity in all of them for these quiet resting times, when God communed with and fitted them for his service. My little Marie, I hope as the years roll on, you will never let yourself fall into this external Martha-like church work to the exclusion of the inner Mary part. The Master made no mistake when He said that she had chosen the 'better part,' for He knew that a life of love would be a life of service; while one of mere outward service would be but a dead thing at best, and soon die for want of the indwelling life, which is love."—*Christian at Work.*

PUDDING-SAUCE.

MRS. F. B. CONE OF BOSTON.

I don't think that our vanity as housekeepers and dainty cooks weighs a tenth as much as our love for the sick friend to whom it is such a pleasure to send the wine jelly, or for the husbands and sons whose weary appetites we mistakenly stimulate with wine sauces at hurried dinners. Now if we can show that the sick friend's recovery is retarded in some degree by the reaction inevitably consequent upon the stimulus of the wine jelly and that orange or lemon jelly would be in all cases more refreshing to the invalid, then it surely will be substituted. And we need only to set mothers' and sisters' eyes on the alert to observe the beginnings of sorrow within every one's view, arising from these same jellies, frozen puddings, pudding sauces, and ices flavored with alcoholics, set out upon home tables. Let me read to you two little bits from a leaflet, "Alcohol in the Kitchen," which should be in the stock of every union for individual giving: A physician, prominently connected with one of the life insurance companies of this state, made to me the following statement of facts: "Of 622 moderate and immoderate drinkers with whom I have conversed, 337 tell me that they acquired the desire for wine and other alcoholic poisons by their use in articles of diet and in the family and social circle, dealt out to them by their wives and sisters and female friends. Of this number, 161 cases, (more than twenty-five percent) were from the use of liquors in articles of diet. Of the whole number referred to, 328 fill a drunkard's grave, seventeen died of *mania a potu* and five by suicide." "I have sometimes thought what I should do if Fred took to drinking," said a notable housekeeper to a friend. "It is so dreadful, what if it should come into my dish." At the same time she was mixing in liquor with Fred's dainty dishes. And one day, when he missed the old wine-flavor in the pudding sauce on the table, he petulantly tipped his chair back and refused to eat any of the food. The dreaded shadow came ultimately, and the friend spoken of above thought that the hand of the mother that stirred the wine into the son's food, had mixed the fatal glass for him.

Let me give you a new illustration, also. A most prominent physician of one of our cities, a member of a municipal board, said to me this winter in declining to add his name to the petition for scientific instruction that "he should feel like a hypocrite in doing so," inasmuch as he had begun very lately to take wine at dinner, daily. I was surprised to notice as soon as he spoke, that his breath was heavily laden with liquor and his face flushed, although it was not yet eleven o'clock in the morning. When he confessed to a glass at dinner, I wondered if he could fancy me deceived, or if he were himself blinded as to the rapidity with which the new habit was engulfing him. And it was all from so slight a beginning as sauces and flummeries, as you will see. His father and both brothers had died in untold horrors of delirium tremens, and no child had suffered keener tortures of cruelty and shame than he until eleven years of age.

When, as a successful man, he had a beautiful home of his own, the cause of his woes had been rigidly excluded and also instructed against; so that his noble sons, even through Harvard temptations, have come up total abstainers from drink and tobacco. Then how came this strange decadence of the father after middle life? The last two or three years had been spent in England and on the continent; wine as a beverage had been resisted, but no account taken of it in cookery, until on return to home table a pudding without wine or brandy sauce proved intolerably "flat and disgusting." "And, indeed, of late," he said, "a glass of wine at dinner seems a necessity to enjoyment." The thought of his own early sufferings, and of the example and temptation which he was now placing before his sons and their young friends and of the inactivity in this most needed reform to which this one indulgence forces him, left him in tears, which God grant may be blessed. But I don't think his own life would outweigh the appetite. It is a fearful one to awaken.

"GLEANER" in the Newcastle *Examiner and Northern Athlete* gives the following incident about "the doctor and the drink." It needs no comment. It is to the point and tells its own moral. "A lady had been laid up over a week with an ulcerated sore throat, and was somewhat run down. The doctor said he had two or three other patients in exactly the same condition, and he had ordered three glasses of port wine a day, and this lady must take the same. This, however, she did not approve of, and declined. He had then to give a tonic of iron, &c., and she has now nearly recovered, while the doctor's other patients are still very bad. I relate this, as Mrs. —— thinks she has made a great triumph! Doctors order wine very often to please their patients when other things have really a more beneficial effect."

DEACON BEERY'S PROTEST.

Deacon Beery went into the commissioner's office where licenses for selling liquor are sold. He was off in one corner reading Bishop Molehill's tract on "High License." Being a little near-sighted in his ears, he failed to hear correctly what the next applicant for license said, but he thought he heard the following:

"Mr. Commissioner, I want a license to get drunk. I want to get drunk for a year, and make myself dangerous to all. I want to pay for all the crime I shall commit, and I want to pay for it in advance. What's the bill?"

"One hundred dollars," was the reply.

The man took the license and departed. The deacon was paralyzed with horror. Coming up to the desk he said:

"Is it really possible that you let a man commit a crime by paying his fine in advance? What a state of morals we have reached! It seems to me the avenging hand of justice must be near. Shame! Everlasting shame and contempt on such laws!"

"You don't understand," said the clerk. "The man does not want a license to do wrong; he simply wants a license to make other people commit crime. He himself is a very moral man. This money I just received is needed to pay damages arising from—"

"From what?" shrieked the deacon.

"From the liquor traffic," said the clerk. "In fact," continued the clerk, "out of every $17 damages from liquor, we make the dealers pay one by the way of a tax—some call it license."

"And the people?" said the deacon.

"Pay the $16," was the calm reply.

The deacon put the tract in the stove and started downstairs, saying, "'Lead us not into temptation;' and if the welfare of thy kingdom demands that I should refuse to lead others in, even though my party should lose a vote, yet I say, 'True and righteous are thy ways altogether, O Lord.'"

The deacon was converted.—*Home Gazette.*

SEARCHING WITH ALL THE HEART.

Some years since, a prosperous but worldly farmer in this State had occasion to visit the bank in the neighboring town. Upon his return home, he went into his barn to work for an hour or two before dinner. Having finished the work, and while passing down the barn stairs, he suddenly discovered that a one-thousand-dollar bill was missing from the vest-pocket in which he had placed it as he entered the barn. Instantly going back to the spot where his coat and vest had hung, he searched diligently, but without avail, for the missing money. He then went to the house, and calling his son, said, "James, I have lost a thousand-dollar bill. I know it is in that barn; now come with me, and we will take out one straw at a time till we find it." Resolutely, patiently, did they pursue the task, until after hours of diligent search the money was found. During the evening as father and son sat talking of the event and its happy result, James said, tenderly, "Well, now, father, if you would search as diligently for your Saviour as you did for that money, you would find Him." That very night that father, who for years had been an "almost Christian," sought the Lord with all his heart, and the result need not be told, for the Bible declares that "to him that knocketh, it shall be opened."—*Watchman.*

It is not a small thing to teach small children.

TO LET.
I have houses, newly builded
Brightly painted, richly gilded,
They are all for rent in spring.
Who will come a-tenanting?
They are in a choice location,
Beautiful for situation;
Sheltering branches o'er them sway,
Balmy airs about them play.
Houses, mine, just made for pleasure
Unalloyed, and without measure;
Who the homes I offer take
Shall be blessed for love's sweet sake.
Only couples truly mated
May be thus felicitated.
Peaceful joys and calm content,
Must in all their lives be blent
These alone are my conditions
All my tenants are musicians
And the songs they sweetly sing
Are the only pay they bring

THE BURSTING OF THE MONSOON.

Life in India would be impossible without its monsoons, and the periodic approach of one of these great storms is always hailed there with delight. The south-west monsoon sets in generally toward the end of April, the steady wind sweeping up from the Indian Ocean and carrying with it the dense volumes of vapor, which slowly collect in dark masses of cloud as they approach the continent. From Adam's Peak, in the Isle of Spices, right along the Eastern and Western Ghauts and the Nilgiris, every hill-top is gradually shrouded in mist, instead of standing out clear and sharp against the sky. Darker and denser become the cloud masses, the horizon assumes a heavy lead appearance, sometimes kindling into a lurid glare answering to the sense of oppression, both mental and physical, which accompanies it. The atmosphere becomes 'close' and oppressive alike to man and beast; but the heat is borne with patience, for relief is at hand. Flashes of lightning play from cloud to cloud, and heavy thunder reverberates through the heavens; the wind suddenly springs up in a tempest, and along the shore the white waves are tossed in foam against the rocks or over the burning sand. Then a few great drops of rain fall, like balls of lead from the apparently leaden sky; the forked lightning is changed to sheets of light and suddenly the flood-gates of Heaven are opened, and not rain, but sheets of water are poured forth, refreshing the parched earth, carrying fertility over the surface of the country, filling the wells and natural reservoirs with a fresh store, and replenishing the dwindling rivers and streams. The whole earth seems suddenly recalled to life. Vegetation may almost be seen to grow, and from the baked mud of the river banks emerge countless fish which for weeks or months before have lain there in torpor.

HOW TO READ.

There is a great deal in knowing how, as well as in knowing what, to read. A half-hour each day, applied intelligently, with fixed purpose, and with the invariable habit of a mental review, is worth more than two or three hours of rushing through a book with the mind gliding over the contents like skates on ice, rapidly and smoothly, but taking no hold. A writer in the Philadelphia *Ledger* has a good word to say on this subject: "There is one habit so common among readers that it seldom excites comment—that of complete passivity of the mind. It is a sort of luxurious indolence, in which the eyes wander over the page, and the words make a vague impression on the mind, but all without any active energy of the mind itself. The imagination more or less clearly pictures the scenes recorded or the ideas suggested, and the memory more or less indistinctly retains them; but no demand is made upon the thought-power for any real exercise of its own. If readers kept thought, reason, and judgment alive and awake, they would soon learn to sift the good from the bad, the strong from the weak, and the increasing demand for the best fiction would soon diminish the supply of the worst. —*Christian Union.*

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Every Sunday-School should be in part a juvenile temperance organization. Its library should be well provided with attractive and instructive temperance books. In nothing, perhaps, is the progress of the temperance reform more strikingly illustrated than in the marked excellence of the Sunday-school temperance books of the present time. A century ago there were none at all; even little more than a decade ago they were, as compared with the present, few in number and inferior in interest; to-day they may safely be said to lead all other Sunday-school books in literary excellence, and in their freshness and variety of interest and instruction. The children everywhere should be supplied with them abundantly. Their pages contain for many a reader hidden and untold blessings for time and eternity. The children of the public schools, too, are now accessible to temperance instruction as never before. It should in this new year be the untiring care of parents, guardians, and teachers to provide them with the best scientific teaching as to what alcohol is, and what it does to the healthy human system.

"My Boy," said a father to his son, "treat everybody with politeness, even those who are rude to you. For, remember, that you show courtesy to others not because they are gentlemen but because you are one."

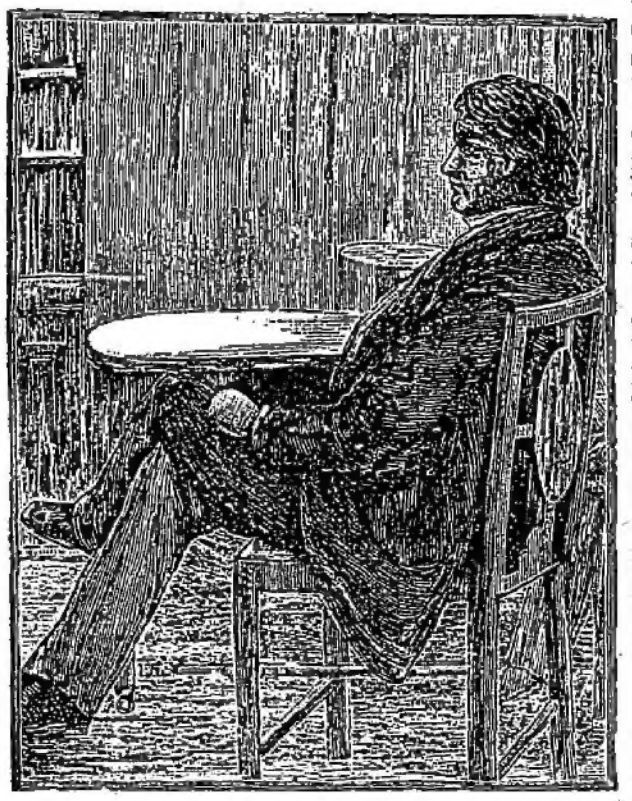
CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

By Pansy.

CHAPTER VI.—*(Continued).*

He reached for his cane, and Karl sprang to wait on him, and to offer to do the errand, and finally they went out together, and stood by the handsome carriage which had just drawn up in front of the gate, stood there and talked, first with Dennis, and then with each other, and at last walked slowly back toward the house, and then turned off and went to the barn. Christie from the window



MR. KEITH.

watched them until the great barn-door closed after them, then gave a little sigh of satisfaction. It was very nice to think of Karl and Wells Burton as having a visit in the barn together. Karl could certainly never be so much afraid of him after this as he had been, and would not look so sober, and so sort of "left out" when she told him things about that journey connected with Wells.

Mr. Keith watched her happy face. "What is the pleasant thought that shines on it?" he asked her. Christie turned suddenly and found that she was alone with the minister. She blushed a little and came away from the window, and following his motioning hand, took a seat quite near him.

"How is it, Christie," he asked, "in all these happy times, and with the pretty room to sit in, and the new friends to think about, and their presents to enjoy, does the best friend seem nearer or farther away?"

"O Mr. Keith! he isn't far away. It seems to me as though he came nearer every day; and there was something I wanted to ask you, mother said perhaps you would help us. These things, you know, this pretty furniture, and the carpet, and everything, they were to be used for the sake of the Elder Brother; that is what he said, and of course I must use them so or I would not have any right to them, and I don't think I know how. Mother and I have tried to think of ways, but I can't seem to settle on any. Could you help me, sir, if you please?"

"Why, I think you have found ways already. Haven't the pretty things helped you to make a chance for me to come here and visit you, and get acquainted with your father and have a little talk with him about this Friend? You know he has been busy, or away from home when I have been here before; but this afternoon he stayed at home to visit with me, and we have had a pleasant talk."

"Oh, but," said Christie, her eyes bright, "those are lovely things that we like so much; they are just helping ourselves; we wanted you to come a good while ago, but we never could fix things so that mother thought they would do. But we are just doing this for ourselves, because we like it; this isn't work for Jesus."

"You can't be sure of that, little friend; the fact is, when we really want to please him, nearly everything that he gives us to do becomes after a while such pleasant work that we would rather do it than not, just for our own sakes."

"Is that so?" she asked, surprised. "I was looking for a hard thing to do. Are there not some hard things, sir? I thought *of one* that I would not like to do, and that perhaps I ought, but I don't know about it, and mother said she didn't; she said perhaps it would do more harm than good, but I might try it if I thought best, and I thought I would wait until I asked you."

"Tell me all about it," he said, sitting back in his chair. "Some things look hard on the outside, *but have pleasant things* hidden inside the shell, like a nut, you know."

"Well," said Christie, smoothing out her white apron, "you know those Cox people who live on the next street, back from the road a little way?"

"*I am not sure that I do.* Cox? I don't remember that name; the next street above here?"

"Yes, sir; well, it isn't exactly a street, it is a sort of a lane; they live in a little log house; I don't suppose you are acquainted with them, *after all*; they are very poor, bad-acting people, at least the father is; he drinks hard cider most all the time, and they don't ever go to church; and the children, Lucius and Lucy, are about the age of Karl and me; they are dreadful acting children, and they are not clean. Lucy doesn't have her hair combed, and Lucius has holes in his clothes, not patches, you know, but holes; they must have dreadful times! I went to the house, one day, for mother; their baby was sick, and they had *sent for* mother, and she sent me to bring her some things, and it was a dreadful looking place."

"And what were your thoughts about them little sister?" The minister's voice had a very gentle sound, almost a humble one, if Christie had known it; he was beginning to wonder whether God had sent *him* there to get some help as well as to give some.

"Why," said Christie, twisting the hem of her apron a little, in her embarrassment, "I don't know but maybe if I had them here one day, and showed them my pretty room, and all our nice things, and tried to be real pleasant to them, and treat them like company, and we got them a nice tea, warm potatoes, and good healthy things, you know, and a little bit of cake, maybe it might do them some good; but I wasn't sure, because they would have to go right back home, you see, and maybe be hungry the very next day, and sleep in that dark room off the kitchen where the baby was sick, and mother said she *did not know*, she was sure, whether it would do good or harm."

"And that was one of the hard things which you did not want to do? Can you tell me that side of it? I mean, can you explain why you did not want to do it?"

"Why, you see, they are not very clean, their hands and faces, and I thought maybe they would handle our things, and leave dirt marks on them, and sit down in these pretty chairs, and soil them; and oh, I don't know, there were other reasons. Karl said we would not know what in the world to say to them, and I don't suppose we would. But then we were all willing to try, if it was the right way, but none of us knew. We asked father, and he said Mr. Cox was a poor shack, and he guessed there couldn't be much made of his family, and maybe the best way was to let them alone; but then, the next morning he said that maybe that wasn't the right kind of talk, and we must do, mother and I, as we thought best, and you see we didn't know what we thought."

"I see," said the minister, and he drew out his handkerchief and wiped his face and his eyes. Then he was still for so long that Christie thought he had forgotten all about it. At last he spoke: "I believe, Christie, if I were you, I would try it; there is nothing like trying. I don't know the Cox children, nor their parents; I passed that old house last week and wondered who lived there; I am glad to find out. You are helping me, you see, and but for these pretty things, perhaps you would never have told me about the Cox children. What if you carry out your plan, and have that nice supper, with the warmed potatoes, you know, and invite me to come too?"

"Why, would you?" said Christie, too amazed to add another word for a moment, then she said, "Well, if mother will, I will."

Then the door opened, and the two boys came in from the barn.

CHAPTER VII.

It was Christie's turn now to slip away; she remembered something that she was to do towards the coming supper; the minister and the boys were alone. "Well," he said, looking at them with smiling eyes, "*what next for you two?*"

"School for me, sir," Wells said, "and I shall be glad to get to studying again; I have had a longer vacation than I planned."

"Do you go to the city every day?"

"No, sir; not this term. Mamma is so nervous over the accident that she doesn't like the plan; yes, sir, they are coming out *next week to stay*; my brother, who is an invalid, has taken a fancy to the country, and is in haste to get back; the rest of the family think it rather dull, all but me, I like it; but mamma is not reconciled to a daily ride on the cars, so my father has engaged a tutor for me; he can teach music as well as Latin and the other things, so I shall *not have to go into town for lessons.* I like the plan ever so much." And the favored boy looked over at Karl, who was regarding him with wistful eyes.

"And what about Karl? Is it school for you too?"

"No, sir," he said slowly, choking down a little sigh, "not this term, father can't arrange for us just yet; we are out of the township, you see."

"I see. Well, you and Christie study at home, I suppose."

"A little," said Karl, but he did not speak as though the studies at home gave him great pleasure. He did not mean to tell those two that the great drawback was books, or rather the want of books. What would either of them say, he wondered, if they knew that there were not more than a half-dozen books in the house, counting the primary arithmetic, almost every word of which he and Christie knew by heart! Latin! It was almost disheartening to hear Wells talk so glibly about "Latin and other things." He had tried to get his father, only the other evening, to remember a Latin word until he, Karl, could see how it sounded; but not one could be thought of, save *E Pluribus Unum*, and neither mother nor father were absolutely sure of its exact meaning. Karl meant to study Latin, one of these days, but he did not expect to for *some time* to come, neither did he intend to tell his plans to these favored people who talked about Latin as carelessly as they might about geography. Truth to tell, Karl's present ambition was a new arithmetic, and that he meant to have very soon, but it too was a secret.

"There is one book," said Mr. Keith, "which gets neglected. If I could go back and be a boy again, I am sure I would study it most faithfully, that is, if I could take back into boyhood all the knowledge I have gathered by being a man, I should know it was the most important book to study that there is in the world."

Karl was watching him with eager, expectant eyes. It would be a Latin book, he thought; possibly not, for Mr. Keith, he had heard, understood both Greek and Hebrew, as well as Latin. It would be a thing worth remembering, what such a scholar thought the most important book in the world.

Sometime he would try for the book and study it hard. "What book is it, if you please?" He asked the question very timidly, waiting for a little, in the hope that Wells would do it for him.

(To be Continued.)

CURIOUS EFFECT OF ARCTIC COLD.

A person who has never been in the polar regions can probably have no idea of what cold really is; but by reading the terrible experiences of arctic travellers in that icy region some notion can be formed of the extreme cold that prevails there.

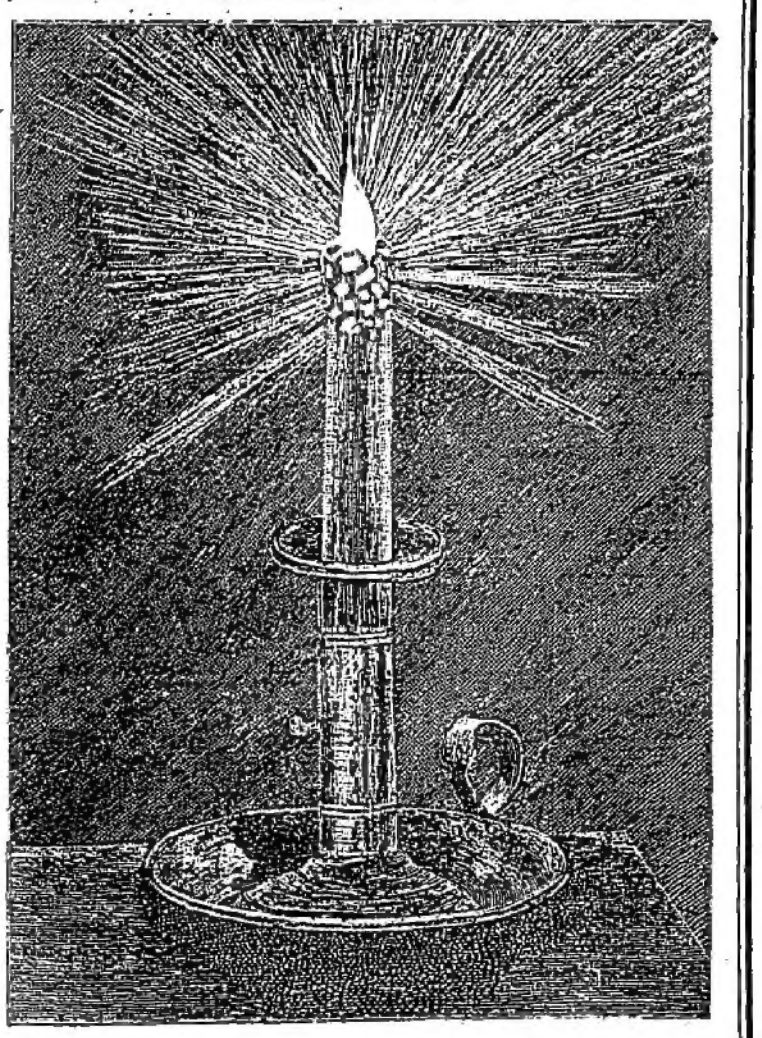
When we have the temperature down to zero out-of-doors we think it bitterly cold, and if our houses were not as warm as, at least, sixty degrees above zero, we should begin to talk of freezing to death. Think, then, of living where the thermometer goes down to thirty-five degrees below zero in the house in spite of the stove. Of course in such a case the fur garments are piled on until a man looks like a great bundle of skins.

Everybody smiles at the fib told by Baron Munchausen about the cold weather he experienced when he said he could not make a sound on his hunting-horn, because the sounds froze before they could get out; but that when he returned home and hung up his horn by the fire-place the warmth thawed out the sounds, and the horn played of its own accord all the tunes the Baron had blown into it. Of course the writer of the book was only trying to be as absurd as he could, and he was absurd enough; but, after all, some of the effects of cold are so extraordinary that there is no need to exaggerate.

Dr. Moss, of the English polar expedition of 1875 and 1876, among other odd things, tells of the effect of cold on a wax candle which he burned there. The temperature was thirty-five degrees below zero, and the Doctor must have been considerably discouraged when, upon looking at his candle, he discovered that the flame had all it could do to keep warm.

It was so cold that the flame could not melt all the wax of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down the candle leaving a sort of skeleton of the candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt oddly shaped holes in the thin walls of wax, and the result was a beautiful lace-like cylinder of white, with a tongue of yellow flame burning inside it, and sending out into the darkness many streaks of light.

This is not only a curious effect of extreme cold, but it shows how difficult it must be to find anything like warmth in a place where even fire itself almost gets cold. The wonder is that any man can have the courage to willingly return to such a bitter region after having once got safely away from it, and yet the truth is that the spirit of adventure is so strong in some men that it is the very hardship and danger which attract them.—*Harper's Young People.*



A WAX CANDLE IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO *CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.*

By Pansy.

CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued.*)

"That is the Bible, my boy; there has never been a book written half so important as that, and there never will be."

To say that Karl was astonished, will give you a very faint idea of his state of mind; also he was a little bit disappointed. He had expected to hear some wonderful old name to treasure in his mind, and then he had meant to try to get courage to ask a few questions about the book, what made it so wonderful, and how old one had to be before he began to study it, and what it cost; but the Bible! Why, they had one in the house. Of course it was an important book, but then, who would have imagined that he meant the Bible! Wells was not surprised, he was more familiar with ministers than was Karl, and more familiar with the world, he knew what rank the Bible held among Christians. He looked neither surprised nor particularly interested; though his face told as plainly as words that he did not agree with Mr. Keith.

"The question is, how much time do you two boys give to the most important book?"

"Not much," said Wells, laughing a little. "We don't use it in school, and don't get marked for not knowing anything about it, so it has to stand aside."

"I know. Isn't that a strange way for sensible people to manage? Now if I were a teacher, I should try to give a little time each day to the only book that was likely to outlive every other, and had to do with another world, after this one was done with."

Karl opened his eyes wider, and Wells questioned: "Why, you don't suppose the Bible will be taken to heaven, do you?"

Mr. Keith laughed a little. "Well, as to that, I don't know as it would be a very interesting book in heaven. We shall probably not care much more about it than we would for a good guide book about Europe after it had shown us the way there, and we were perfectly familiar with the country and had not the least desire to go from it to any other country. I meant that it was the only book which told us anything about the other world where all our life is to be spent, except the very little bit that we spend on this side. It is strange to be so taken up with the things we are to use here, that we forget all about what we are here for, and forget to get ready for our journey; now isn't it?"

Karl was thinking seriously, and seemed to have no answer; and Wells did not choose to make what might be called an answer, though he spoke: "I don't think the Bible tells very much about heaven. I've often wished it told what the people were doing up there, and how they managed about—well about everything, and whether they knew what was going on here, and what was to be done after everybody had reached there."

"I don't suppose there is special need of having all that told in the Bible; the people who are going there will have eternity in which to learn all about it, and to the people who fail, it could only be an added sorrow; the most that the Bible is engaged in, is to point out the way, and warn of the dangers."

Mr. Keith spoke very gravely, but Wells seemed determined to speculate, so continued: "What do you suppose the people do there, all the time? I am sure I should think it would be sort of stupid to stand around with harps and sing."

"The Bible says that it has not even entered into my heart what we are to do; but I am going there to find out. The question is, are you two boys?"

"I suppose I mean to," answered Karl gravely, seeing that Wells was not going to speak, "but I haven't made any plans, nor thought about it much; it doesn't seem very real to me, I know a hundred things that I want to do here, but I don't know much about heaven."

"That is just what I am saying is strange; like a boy who was so interested in the flowers and stones which he found on the way to the city, that he would pay no attention which road to take, and forgot all about his having started for the purpose of going to the city. If there was an elegant home waiting for you there, and you might risk the loss of it by delaying and playing with the stones, how long do you suppose you would play?"

"Not long," said Karl, his face grave.

But Wells had found his voice again. "Ah, but sir, we can't die and go to heaven just when we please. It would be wicked to do it even if one wanted to, and a fellow could reach the city just as soon as his feet would carry him."

"That is true; suppose we change the figure. What if the carriage to take Karl to the city and to his wonderful home there, was to pass the south road at the corner, at some hour to-morrow, Karl did not know when, and that was to be his opportunity to go; after that it would be too late; how long do you suppose Karl would loiter on his way to the south road in the morning?"

"Not many minutes," said Karl, speaking quickly. "I should clip it at the first streak of daylight; in fact, I don't know but I would go down there to-night."

"I think quite likely you would; and yet here you sit unconcerned; it is morning with you, and the chariot of God may be here at any moment for his children who are ready, to take them home, and you do not get ready to go."

"It seems different," said Karl.

"Yes, and it is different," stoutly declared Wells. "There is *no corner to go to and wait*; if it were that way, we would all go in a minute, but there doesn't seem to be anything to do."

"Yes, there is; your mind can take a journey just as well as your body, you want your mind to go over and stand by the Lord Jesus Christ; you want your soul to say to him: 'I have come to claim my home in heaven that you said you had for me; I have come to be ready to go. Now, what am I to do?' And he would tell you what to do, while you waited. It is simple enough, you see, only you don't choose to do it."

"Why doesn't everybody?"

This question was from Karl; it seemed to him all at once such a simple and natural thing to do, and he could not help wondering what kept people back.

"My boy," said Mr. Keith, turning and looking full at him out of earnest eyes, "why don't you?"

Karl moved uneasily in his seat and laughed a little, and said, "I don't know."

"But I do, my boy. It is because you are a slave; so is Wells, here; he thinks he is free, and can do just as he pleases, but Satan has a strong hold on him, and is making him do just the foolish thing about which we have been talking."

"Then we are not to blame," said Wells quickly, following with his keen mind the picture that the minister had drawn.

"Are you not? Suppose an enemy had tied you to that stove in such a manner that the flames would reach you after a while, and I should say: 'I will cut the ropes and set you free if you want me to do so, and will obey my directions in the future. Then I should proceed to give you a list of directions, and you should say: 'Why, they are all good and right and kind, and we shall be the gainers by obeying them, but then we don't want to ask you to free us, and we don't care to follow your orders.' Who would be to blame for your remaining slaves?"

"Wouldn't you be kind of mean, though, not to set us free, whether we asked or not?"

Of course this bold question came from Wells. Karl looked quickly at him; he thought the question rude; but the minister seemed in no way disturbed by it.

"That depends," he said quietly. "Let us look at it a little more closely; suppose you belonged to me by right. It was your duty to obey me, and you had not done it; instead, you had disgraced me in many ways, and were under sentence of punishment, but I, at great expense, had planned a way for you to escape all punishment; a way which I knew would work if you could be brought to agree to it, and do your part, but which I knew would be worse than useless unless you submitted to the rules laid down; we will suppose that I knew you would get into much worse trouble than being tied to that stove, in case I let you go in any other way than the one which I had planned. Would I be mean then not to do it?"

"That is supposing a great many things," said Wells, and he spoke as though he felt almost cross about it.

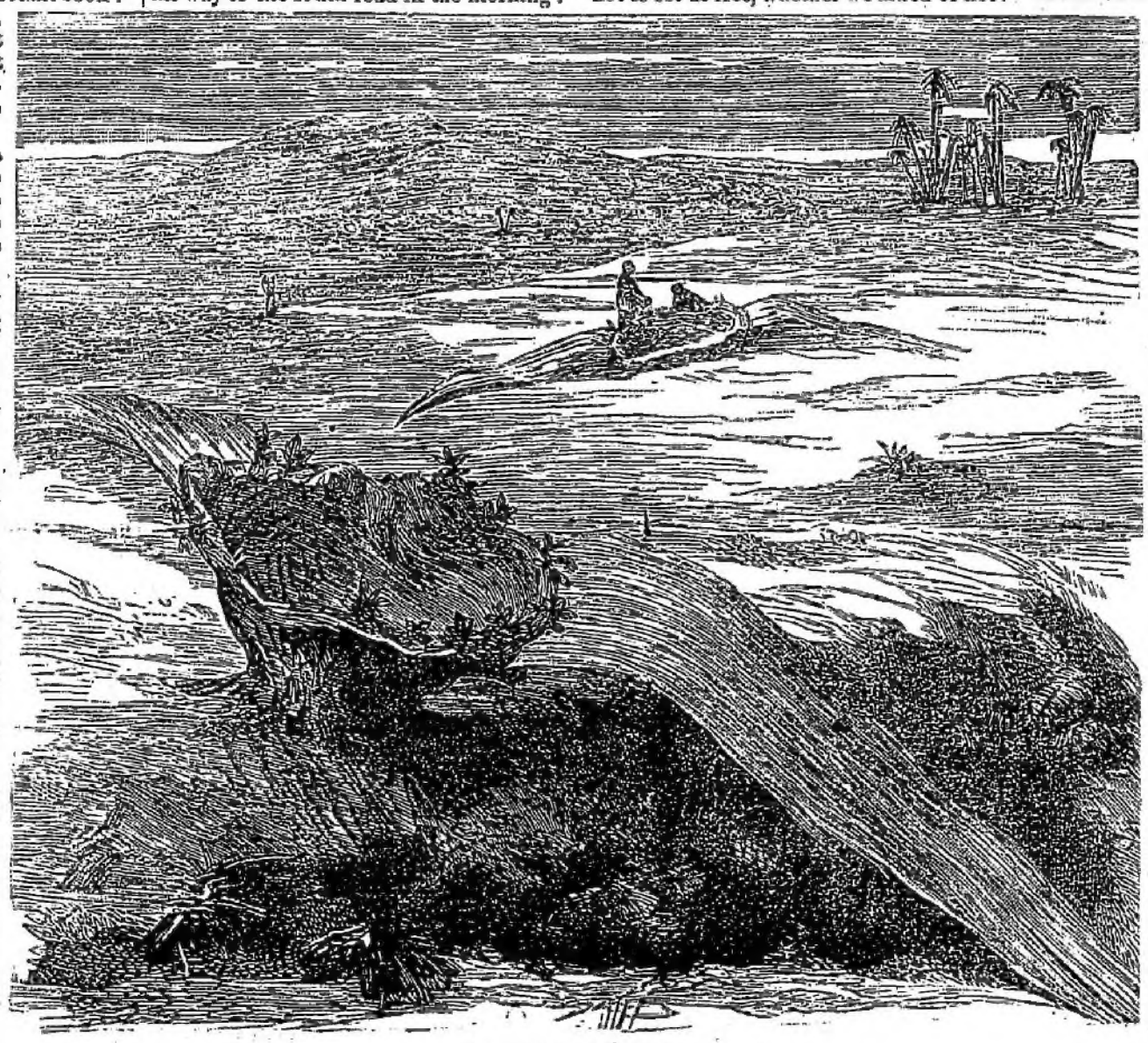
"It is not supposing a thing, but what the Bible, if you study it carefully, will show you is true; not the being tied to the stove, of course; we imagined that, but God is very well acquainted with us, and he knows what we will do, as well as what we have done."

"How could you prove to me that you were anxious to save me, and had done your best, if you should let me stay there and burn?" asked Wells, going back to the figure.

(*To be continued.*)

A WONDERFUL TREE.

The plant illustrated in the accompanying engraving is perhaps one of the most extraordinary vegetable productions, in many respects on the face of the globe. Seldom, if ever, has the discovery of a new plant created such an amount of interest in the scientific world as did this. In the year 1860 an Austrian botanist, Dr. Frederic Welwitsch, while making explorations in Southwest Tropical Africa, under the auspices of the Portuguese Government, came upon an elevated sandy plateau about 500 miles south of Cape Negro. Here his attention was at once attracted to a number of curious objects rising from a foot to a foot and a half above the surface of the soil, varying from two to fourteen feet in circumference, and having a flat, somewhat depressed top of a dingy brown color, and appearing more like large stools or small tables than any living plant.



THE WONDERFUL TREE.

The roots branch just below the stock, penetrate several feet into the ground, and fix themselves so firmly in the hard, sandy parched soil that it was found extremely difficult to dig up a plant with the roots entire. The most peculiar part of this plant is the crown, into the edges of which (at the point of junction with the stock) the leaves are inserted. The outline of this crown is of an irregular oval or oblong form, and its surface (and indeed the whole exterior of the tree) is of a dirty brown color, hard, rugged, and cracked, and has been aptly likened by Dr. Hooker to the crust of an overbaked loaf of bread. It is seldom or never flat, but usually sunken or concave toward the centre. From the edges, toward the centre, the surface is covered with little pits, the marks or scars of fallen flower stalks. The leaves, like all other parts of the plants, are very extraordinary; each plant possesses two only, corresponding in width to the lobes of the crown, and running out right and left to the enormous length of six feet, and one-twentieth of an inch in thickness. These leaves (which are not true leaves, but "seed leaves" or *cotyledons*) are normally entire, although they are seldom seen in that state, as they soon become split to the base into strips. They lie spread out flat on the ground, are of a leathery texture, and of a bright green color, with almost imperceptible parallel veins. They are described as being persistent during the whole life of the plant, which is said to be a hundred years or more.

This fact affords another instance of dissimilarity with other plants; for we know that the first or cotyledonary leaves of most plants drop off as soon as second leaves are produced. The flowers spring from the small pits or scars, before spoken of, upon the crown of the tree, close to the point of insertion of the leaves, and even occasionally below them. The fruit or cone (which is the only part of the plant bearing any general resemblance to the coniferæ, to which it is related) are, when fully grown, about two inches long, with four slightly convex sides, and of a bright red color. Outside of the high scientific interest with which it is invested, this plant has no recognized use. Its leaves, being tough, leathery, and not softly fibrous, are not adapted for cordage, weaving, or any similar purposes. Its tough trunk is of such an uneven, fibrous grain that the saw seems rather to tear than cut it; and besides it is so irregular in its growth as to unfit it for any economic use.

No wonder, then, that the plants have been allowed to grow for centuries unmolested by the natives, and, consequently, up to the time of its discovery hidden from the eye of civilized man.—*Scientific American.*

MOTHER AND SON.

The following incident was related by Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Rhode Island, at the National Meeting of the Women's Christian Union at Philadelphia :—

"There came a woman to me with the question: 'Do you know where my boy is?' and gave me a little clue. For five years she had not looked into his face; and she thought she had traced him under an assumed name to such a prison, and would I find out for her. I located that man in such a prison, to stay there such a time; and then came a letter asking me if I would go to him, with the words, 'Couldn't you come and see me, and take a mother's message to my boy?' Mothers, can you think what message you would have sent that boy? She was in an elegant home. I sat down to a beautiful table with her. She handed me a picture, and told me to show it to him. I said, 'This is not your picture?' 'Yes,' she said, 'that is mine before he went to prison; and here,' said she, handing me another, 'is mine after I had had five years of waiting for Charley.' I went with those two pictures to the prison. I called at an inopportune time. He was in the dark cell. The keepers said that he had been in there twenty-four hours; but, in answer to my pleadings, he went down into that dark cell, and the man announced a lady as from his mother. But no reply. Said I, 'Let me step in'; and I did so. There was just a single plank from one end to the other, and that was all the furniture; and there the boy from Yale College sat. Said I, 'Charley, I am a stranger to you, but I have come from your mother; and shall I have to go back, and tell her that you did not want to hear from her? Said he, 'Don't mention my mother's name here.' Said he, 'I will do anything, if you will go.' As he walked along the cell, I noticed that he reeled. Said I, 'What is the matter?' He said he hadn't eaten anything for twenty-four hours. They brought him something; and I sat down by him, and held the tin plate on which was some coarse, brown bread without any butter, and, I think, a tin cup of coffee. By and by, as we talked, I pressed into his hand his mother's picture; and he looked at it, and said: 'That is my mother. I always said she was the handsomest woman in the world.' He pressed it, and held it in his hands, and I slipped the other picture over it. He said, 'Who is that?' I said, 'That is your mother.' 'That my mother?' 'Yes,' I said, 'that is the mother of the boy that I found in a dark cell, after she had been waiting five years to see him.' He said, 'O God, I have done it!' And then he said, 'No, it is the liquor traffic that has done it. Why don't you do something to stop it?' He said, 'I began drinking at home. It was on the table with my food.' Friends, in the name of God and home and native land, let us have our homes pure! I tell you we cannot have the wine socially, and not reap the whirlwind some time."

WHAT MARY GAVE.

When the contribution box comes round in church, boys and girls throw in money which their parents have given them for that purpose. The money is not their gift, but that of their father and mother. They have just as much to spend for their pleasure as they had before. And so I once heard a kind-hearted girl complain that she had nothing of her own that she could give. I will tell you what she gave in one day, and you will see that she was mistaken.

She gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin and a great deal of good advice to the three-year-old brother who wanted to play at fishing. She gave Ellen, the maid, a precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home; for Ellen was a widow, and left her child with its grandmother while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often if our generous Mary had not offered to attend the door and look after the kitchen fire while she was away. But this is not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself so neatly, and looked so bright and kind, and obliging, that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young, pleasant face; she wrote a letter to her father, who was absent on business, in which she gave him all the news he wanted, in such a frank, artless way, that he thanked his daughter in his heart. She gave patient attention to a long, tiresome story, by her grandmother, though she had heard it many times before. She laughed just at the right time, and when it was ended, made the old lady happy by a good-night kiss. Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a cent in the world. She was as good as gold, and she gave something of herself to all those who were so happy as to meet her.—*Selected.*

MEND YOUR MANNERS.

Poor boys! How they have to be hectored and nagged at, because they cannot remember and will not heed the injunctions of their superiors.

A lady friend has a young nephew visiting her, who, though an amiable, handsome and good-natured fellow in the main, wears her life out by obliging her to remind him that his hands are in his pockets, or his hat on, when speaking—neither from lack of knowledge or indisposition to do the right thing, but from pure heedlessness.

Weary of repeating, the lady sat down to her type-writer and printed off these few rules he must remember.

I had the privilege of copying them, and thought perhaps some other boys would like to know what they are.

MANNERS FOR BOYS.

In the street.—Hat lifted when saying "good-by," or "How do you do?" Also when offering a lady a seat, or acknowledging a favor.

Keep step with anyone you walk with. Always precede a lady upstairs, but ask if you shall precede her in going through a crowd or public place.

At the street door.—Hat off the moment you step into a private hall or office.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

In the parlor.—Stand till every lady in the room, also older people, are seated.

Rise if a lady enters the room after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat.

Look people straight in the face when they are speaking to you.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

In the dining-room.—Take your seat after ladies and elders.

Never play with your knife, ring or spoon.

Do not take your napkin up in a bunch in your hand.

Eat as fast or as slow as others, and finish the course when they do.

Do not ask to be excused before the others unless the reason is imperative.

Rise when ladies leave the room, and stand till they are out.

If all go together, the gentlemen stand by the door till ladies pass.

Special rules for the mouth.—Smacking the lips and all noise should be avoided.

If obliged to take anything from the mouth, cover it with your hand or napkin.

These rules are imperative. There are many other little things that add to the grace of a gentleman, but to break any of these is almost unpardonable.

Your most affectionate AUNTIE.

"Did you make up these rules, auntie?" said Jack, with rather an amused expression on as he thought how many points they hit.

"Not at all. These are just the common usages of good society that every gentleman observes. You will not find your father failing in one of them."

"O, well he's a man."

"And you? don't you want to be a manly boy! Good manners must grow with your growth. If put on too late the patch will show."

Not visitors only, but mothers, sisters and aunties are the "ladies" to whom these attentions are to be shown.

Jack whistled a little to himself, but we noticed that he put his "Rules" into a big envelope and laid it rather carefully in his drawer. Time will tell whether any impression has been made.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

CARELESS WORDS.

The most cutting wounds given are those of careless speech. Comments upon their own decaying looks, toilets, fortunes or misfortunes, are of course intensely disagreeable to them, but they forget that the rest of the world also find them unpleasant. "Oh, how you have changed! I shouldn't have known you!" exclaimed a lady to an elderly friend, whom she met after an absence of sixteen years, and who had just lost her only son. "Your hair is so gray, and you're so thin and wrinkled! Dear me! You'll find mother changed; but don't tell her of it. She is very nervous, and it hurts her feelings very much to be told she has grown old."

The lady to whom this careless speech was addressed told me of it with tears. "I know I am changed," she said, "but I had gone back to O—— to bury my son, and she cut me to the heart."

It was once my misfortune to be in very feeble health. I knew my friends were anxious about me, but a warm day, or some little pleasure, so brightened me up I felt sure that the spring would bring me new vigor. Everybody told me I looked well, and I was made to feel that I was at least a very healthy appearing invalid. But one bitter January day, a lady came whom I had not seen in six months. "Why, how ill you look!" she cried, taking my hands. "Why, I should scarcely have known you!"

A deadly chill crept over me, and it was weeks before I recovered from Mrs. A's ill-timed interest.—*Elizabeth Cumming in Christian Union.*

HOW THEY DO IT.

I once knew a frail, ambitious girl who entered the state university at sixteen. She attempted to "jump" a class, that she might finish in three years instead of four. She over-taxed her strength of course, and in her weakened physical condition she contracted a fever, and died.

"We told you so," cried all the croakers. "Girls can't endure a college course. They might as well give up trying to do what men do."

But I repeat—and I know that all who have had any experience in this matter, or who have brought thoughtful observation to bear upon it will agree with me—that it is not trying to do as much as men that hurts these ambitious girls, but trying to do three times as much in half the time.

The other girls in the class which this poor girl entered attempted only the regularly appointed studies, within the usual time, and finished the course without harm, and were graduated with honor. One of them told me that in the whole four years, she missed only two days through sickness. But she did not play, sing, paint or embroider, and thoughts of dress troubled her no more than they do the average boy.

This last point is by no means an unimportant one. The odds against the girl in the scholastic race are vastly increased by her dress, and the amount of time, thought and strength it takes to prepare it, keep it in order and, last but not least, to wear it.—*Helen Herbert.*

Question Corner.—No. 9.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

EASY SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

What animals and birds are mentioned in the following references, and with whose names are they connected?

1. 2 Chron. 9 : 21.
2. Gen. 24 : 46.
3. 2 Kings 8 : 13.
4. 2 Kings 2 : 24.
5. 1 Kings 4 : 26.
6. Judges 16 : 4.
7. Gen. 22 : 7.
8. Gen. 8 : 11.
9. Num. 11 : 31.
10. 1 Sam. 6 : 18.
11. Isaiah 2 : 20.
12. Lev. 8 : 14.
13. Gen. 22 : 13.
14. Job. 39 : 9.
15. 1 Sam. 17 : 34.
16. Jonah 1 : 17.
17. Jeremiah 49 : 16.
18. Ex. 23 : 4.
19. Matt. 7 : 15.
20. Lev. 16 : 10.
21. Gen 8 : 7.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

By the aid of the following notes from the Bible, find out the personage intended. Give the passages in the Bible to which allusion is made.

1. He was a prophet, not one of the great ones.
2. He lived after the Jews' return to their own land.
3. His chief aim was to encourage them in their greatest work.
4. In doing so, he was helped by another prophet.
5. His prophecy contains a mention of the price paid for betraying Jesus.
6. He prophesies Christ's entry into Jerusalem.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 8.

1. Shemaiah (Neh. 6 : 10).
2. Naomi (Ruth 4 : 10).
3. Jonathan, son of Shimeah (2 Sam. 21 : 20, 21).
4. Asahel (2 Sam. 2 : 18).
5. Abimelech (Judges 9 : 45).
6. Joab. 2 Sam. 3, 27.

EASTER ENIGMA.

THE LORD IS RISEN.—Luke xxiv. 44.

1. T-homas . . . . . John xx. 29.
2. H-aman . . . . . Esther ix. 24.
3. E-mmaus . . . . . Luke xxiv. 13.
4. L-abun . . . . . Luke xxiv. 29.
5. O-bed . . . . . Ruth iv. 17.
6. R-achel . . . . . Gen. xxix. 18.
7. D-agon . . . . . Judges xvi. 23.
8. I-daly . . . . . Acts. xvi. 25.
9. S-ilas . . . . . Acts. xxvii. 1.
10. R-euben . . . . . Gen. xxix. 32.
11. I-sraelites . . . . . Ex. ix. 7.
12. S-aruch . . . . . Luke iii. 35.
13. E-glon . . . . . Judges iii. 14.
14. N-imrod . . . . . Gen. x. 9.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Albert Jesse French, Hannah E. Greene, Lillian Greene, Jennie Lyght, Annie C. Rothwell, and Jennie McClintock.

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